

As Seen by a Dying Man---HEAVEN---As Pictured by a Minister.

"Glorious Verdure, Beautiful
Air and Sky, Lovely
Groves, Soft, Sweet
Music and
Perfect
Repose."

"A City of Pure Gold, In-
comparable Magnificence,
a Dazzling Arena, a Sea
of Glass and
an Emerald
Rainbow."



Is This the War of the Future?

There is an English idea of the warfare of the future. Although ladies and bicycles are a predominant feature there are tragic possibilities in it. There are but two dead women in the ranks, which, in view of the vast volumes of smoke floating about, goes to show that the gallant enemy is firing over the ladies' heads. And the bicycles, too, holding the ranks, there are dozens of them lying with punctured tires and sprained sprockets. Bicycles in warfare is by no means a new idea, but in connection with women and war they would certainly be a novelty. The Cubans have Amazons—why not the English? It would



An English Artist's Idea of the Coming Race of Women.

"What I Saw in Heaven."—By Wm. Graham.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 23.—With dull, listless eyes that shine at intervals with strange light of expectancy, William Graham lies at his poor seaside home at Santa Monica, gasping away his life, yet anxious to see that the end that will take all care and the pain of the consumption that has been slowly killing him.

Death has no terrors for him, for Graham has already been caught in its clutches, and it brought to him, such peace, a beatific happiness as comes to only those who have passed over. During the brief period that Graham was one of death's victims, he visited heaven and enjoyed such delight that he lies eager for the cold embrace of the dark angel to settle upon him, and restore him once again to a happiness of which he had had no conception before his first death.

"Oh, who brought me back? Why did you do it? It was all so beautiful," he faintly gasped, when he was restored to life through the embraces and exertions of his child-wife. "I saw you, father, there in heaven, you were with me; I saw you strolling in the beautiful green fields, but I did not see my wife, but you left me soon, father," and then a fit of violent coughing seized upon him and he fell back exhausted on the couch, happy for a time over the remembrance of his brief visit to heaven, but soon to grow miserable once more when the disease began its attack once again.

It was 6 o'clock Saturday evening, the 12th inst., when the watchers at the bedside of young Graham saw that the end was near. His breath came in short gasps that grew shorter and sharper, and at last died away. They seemed to hear, too, the death rattle in his throat and see the death damp upon his brow. His wife was led shrieking from the room and the despairing father, hoping that his son still lived, felt for the heart beat, but all was still. Graham had passed to a better world.

"When I left this earth," he explained to friends afterward, "I awoke to find myself in a beautiful country, a land of rich glorious verdure, where the air, the sky and all seemed more beautiful than I had ever imagined or heard of before. I seemed to be standing in a wide, smooth avenue, lined with trees, tall and straight. The foliage was of the richest and most brilliant description, and each leaf seemed to be of a soft, delicate variety, such as I had never seen before. I saw other roads like that where I stood, and all were equally as lovely. There seemed to be the gentlest, mildest breeze which bowed the tops of the trees slowly to and fro. Around these lovely groves of trees were fields where the grass seemed of the richest green.

"As I stood there gazing around me, my delight mingled with surprise, I seemed to know the sweetest rest that I believe could possibly come. There was an entire relief from care or pain, and it seemed as if I had never known what was meant by suffering. My sensations were such as pass all description. I cannot convey to anyone the heavenly feeling that took possession of me while there. No wonder that I asked why they had brought me back from such a place. Then, too, I heard soft music, which appeared to come from afar and from out of the air, music that was of wonderful sweetness and blending in such harmonies as mortal ear had never before listened to. I gazed about me, too delighted even to stir, and soon I saw that I was not alone in this land.

"I saw my father approaching me, and I went and met him, and caught him by the hand. Together we walked down the avenue and talked of the glories of the new land, where we were so happy. But my father was to stay with me but a short time, for suddenly he appeared to stop and draw away from me, and gradually disappear amid the trees. He was the only one of my family that I saw. My mother, who is dead, did not come to me. I saw God." Upon this point, though, Mr. Graham ventured no description. It was beyond his powers.

"I saw other people I knew in life, but my happiness was not to last for long. Faintly a voice seemed to be calling me from behind. At first I could not distinguish it, but soon it grew more distinct, and finally I recognized the voice of my wife calling me to come back. I did not want to leave the beautiful land, but her entreaties became more earnest and I was unable to resist them, and found myself passing along the avenue where I had walked. The trees glided past me, and soon everything disappeared, that complete repose left me, and I awoke to find myself in my earthly bed of sickness." Graham is in a dying condition now, and the end is likely to occur within a week.

"My Idea of Heaven."—By Rev. McCleskey.

AT LAST a man comes before the public with the assertion that he really knows just what heaven and hell are like. He is Rev. F. W. McCleskey, of Hephzibah, Ga., a member in good standing of the North Georgia Methodist Conference. What he claims, he says, is true beyond doubt.

Mr. McCleskey gives a most vivid description of both heaven and hell, beside which the brimstone sermon of other days was mildness itself. He huris bombast's at the agnostic and warns the world in general to "stop and take heed, lest they perish."

This is what he says: Heaven is constructed of some kind of substance, some kind of matter. Of this there is no shadow of doubt. What this substance is none can now tell. The inhabitants of heaven have spiritual bodies, yet these spiritual bodies are also real bodies. The city is an abode distinct from its inhabitants, and proportionate to them who take up a finite and determinate space. The measurements of the city, therefore, are not real and determinate. John Wesley himself advanced this doctrine.

Heaven exists and is a locality. Of these two things there is no shadow of doubt. Heaven is the largest and grandest world God Almighty ever built, and is fixed in space, near the centre of the created universe, and around it all the flaming suns in space and their systems are revolving in marvellous order.

Here is the city of incomparable magnificence and grandeur; the city of the great white throne of unimagined whiteness; the city of imposing splendors and transcendent glories; and of Jesus Christ, the King, in His beauty; the city where magnificence and beauty struggle for the mastery, and glory sits enthroned. Oh, the city, the city of God. We will gaze on it.

Its walls are of jasper. John said it. Its gates are of pearl. John said it. Its streets are of gold. John said it.

And the entire city is transparent gold. "And the city was pure gold," said John.—Rev., xxi., 18. Yes, made of celestial gold, whatever they may be.

And all the city aere with or illumined with the effulgence of Jesus's face until John cried out in rapture, as you will find, Rev., xxi., 11, that the city shone "clear as crystal."

Now, this immense and glorious city, Heaven, lies "four-square." It has four sides and "twelve gates." I believe each gate is at the opening of a glorious golden street, and these streets incline toward each other until they converge or concentrate at the grand central arena, around the throne of God, which John called a "sea of glass."

Here, then, is the great, resplendent dazzling arena, or "sea of glass," surrounding the indescribable throne.

See now the great white throne arched by an "emerald rainbow" of "sevenfold beauty"—Rev., iv., 3; and the rainbow overarched by the deep emurpled skies of Heaven—and from out of the throne behold a beautiful crystalline river is bursting; as the river in the Garden of Eden separated into four streams, so may Heaven's river part, not into four, but into twelve streams.

See how these glorious pure white rivers, sparkling and rippling down the streets—a river to water each street—their unfringed and limpid tides blessing and refreshing forever the spirits of the angels and the redeemed.

And above these rivers are the embowering trees, whose branches meet in loving embrace over the water, and bring their brilliant beauty and apocryphal sweetness forever all around. And these twelve golden streets, cleaved by these shining rivers, are lined by the shining alabaster mansions prepared for us by our blessed Lord.

Now, reader, let us return by one of these streets to the Throne—look again upon the multiplied millions, the "innumerable company," the vast and animated throng surging around the Throne! See the King of Kings, Jesus Christ, upon the throne! Now see the Throne itself; the encircling rainbow; the overarching skies; the "sea of glass"; the rolling rigors; the diverging streets; the many mansions—all transfigured by the glory bursting from the "face of the Lamb." Then hear the happy throng, with swelling acclamation, cry out day and night: "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, Heaven and Earth are full of His glory." And Heaven lies before you.

General Who Is a Rag-Picker.

ROME, Sept. 15.—The attention of every one has been drawn during the last few days to the challenge sent by M. Thomegneux to "all Italians" in consequence of the famous letters of Prince Henri of Orleans and to the part which "General" Mannaglia La Rocca has played in the affair.

In France the General's letter which accepted M. Thomegneux's challenge was taken seriously, but when it turned out that it had nothing to do with an army general, but simply with a general of carnival, there was a sudden change of feeling, and M. Thomegneux, who was inclined to rhodomotade, was the victim of universal ridicule.

This curious incident has brought to general knowledge a personality absurdly famous in Italy, and above all at Rome. General Mannaglia La Rocca is a certain Luigi Guidi, of Leghorn, who for more than thirty years has lived at Rome. For more than thirty years he has carried on the business of ragman. He only abandons his ordinary costume and puts on his general's uniform during the last few days at each annual carnival. It is then that he takes the title of General Mannaglia La Rocca, but as a matter of fact, he bears this name throughout the whole year.



The Only Rag-Picker in the World Who Is Also a General.